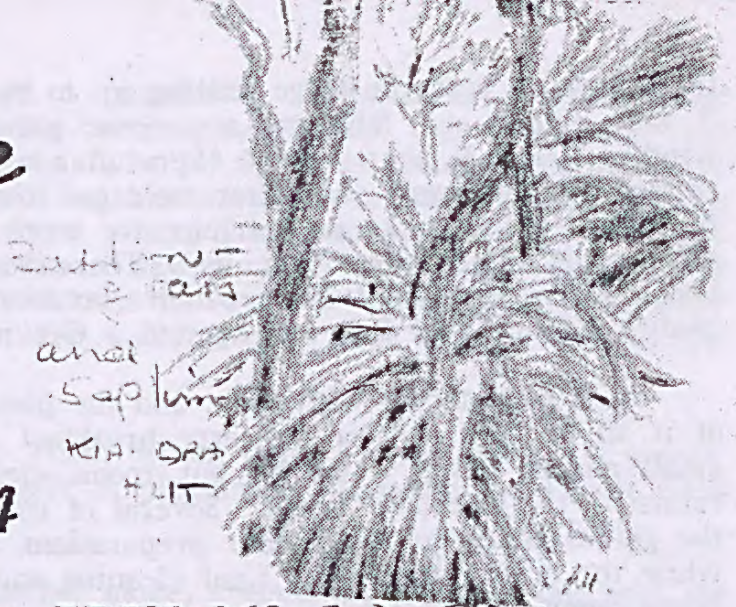


Castlemaine Naturalist

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A Walk on the Wild(ish) Side

The 17th of March found ten of us in Launceston, ready to start on the walk that Athol Dorman had begun to research and arrange 10 months before. Athol, Ern and Lesley Perkins, Barry and Bev Singleton, Stan Bruton, Rita Mills, Lauris Golding, Brian Fox from The Basin and Dick Southcombe from Geelong, were all in various stages of excitement, apprehension, and preparedness.

Next morning after a 6.30 breakfast, which the hotel is kind enough to provide at that early hour, we all set off, with Doug Mills and Shirley Southcombe coming along to see us off, walking the 3 or 4 blocks to Cradle Huts headquarters for a gear check before we set off in the bus for Cradle Mountain. Most of us were carrying over the suggested 10 kgs, but as we had been training for weeks we felt confident.

That day we left the old Waldheim hut at 5 past 11 after a cup of tea and set off across our first Button-grass plain - via a boardwalk. The Tasmanian Native Hens feeding nearby were the only ones we saw on the Track. We crossed a little creek and gradually entered a scrubby area with a couple of little boronias, including Lemon-scented Boronia, in flower, and then into our first patch of rainforest where a creek flowed over a small waterfall. We'd travelled about 1.5 kms and needed our first halt. A bit further on we reached the shore of Crater Lake which is not really a crater, but glacial lake with steep sides of quartzite, with an anticline and a syncline showing amongst the Pandanis which grow on the steep sides among the Pencil Pines. We had our first snack near a little hut on the tiny beach before climbing up to the ridge between Crater Lake and Dove Lake. I loved the beautiful views across to Mount Rowland which we had passed earlier in the day on the way to the National Park.

Soon came a real test - a scramble up to the top of Marions Lookout, needing hands as well as feet. It was probably only about 5 or 6 metres, but we were glad to gain the top and settle down for a few minutes to admire the view and have some chocolate that the guides handed out. The company we had up there were all quite a few years younger than us, so we felt we were doing quite well.

We were now up on the plateau and the worst climb of the whole six days was over and we walked along to Plateau Creek for lunch. From there we continued across the plateau with Cradle Mountain towering above us to the east. Below its dolerite columns and scree was a weird but beautiful forest of Pencil Pines with dead trees standing out starkly from the deep green. Over to the west a couple of tarns reflected the blue of the sky and further over still were the depths of Fury Gorge. To the south the vista was of rugged mountains of all shapes fading away to the horizon.

We followed the plateau past the cirque on our left, stopping to admire Mountain Rocket with its red fruit, yellow fungi growing in the mosses, cushion plants with tiny flowers which looked like Ewartias and turned out to be just that, bluebells, berries Finally we descended a series of steps to the floor of Waterfall Valley.

Some people were heading up towards a hut to our right, but we plodded on across

the valley up onto the ridge leading up to the impressive bulk of Barn Bluff only 2 or 3 kms away, and followed a narrow private path which was uphill, narrow and winding, for a ¼ hour - by 6.45pm after we'd been on the track for nearly 8 hours it seemed much longer - but after we'd got into the hut, showered and changed and been presented with snacks and drinks we were feeling refreshed and ready for our meal which was being cooked for us. There was much discussion, checking of reference books and writing of diaries, which became a regular scene each evening. During the chatter I found that Bev had spotted a Ground Parrot up on the plateau.

Next day started with mist, and the photographers were busy to capture the beauty of it all on film. After a hearty breakfast - the bowls in the huts were the size of small mixing bowls - we got our rooms cleared and packs loaded and were ready to return to the Overland Track. Several of us waited for the others on the helipad while the guides continued with their preparations and cleaning. One always accompanied us while the other one did the final cleaning and tidying before catching us up a couple of hours down the track.

Our route on the second day took us past two lakes, the first, Holmes Lake, was set in a Button-grass plain, so the water was amber, but I filled my container which I'd forgotten to fill at the hut. We found more Grass Trigger-plants and some Fairies Aprons here. Again we gradually strung out along the track and boardwalks. Roger, the senior of the two guides, had caught us up by this time, and ambled along chatting with Athol. Both he and Heath would usually walk along chatting with us but both seemed aware where everyone was, even though they didn't fuss us at all, 'though they saw that we rested and regrouped from time to time.

The geology of this area is quite different and we eventually scrambled up a very stoney track to a lookout above Lake Windermere where we were heading for lunch. We were rewarded for our efforts by more chocolate all round! As I stood on a rock admiring the views across to Lakes Windermere and Will, and a whole rash of smaller tarns among the boggy plain, I noticed a most peculiar smell pervading the air. It proved to be *Persoonia gunnii*, the only one I saw on the walk, in flower.

After about half an hour on our rocky eyrie we descended steeply down a very stoney path through a forest of mainly pines then up open country to a ridge and skirted around the lake, past some would-be swimmers (we didn't actually see them in the water) until we came to our lunch spot. The billy was almost boiled by the time I got there. After I ate my lunch I did a couple of sketches in my visual diary to add to the ones I'd done already. According to my written diary we went on through more pine and Myrtle-beech forest, out onto Button-grass plain, walking mainly on boardwalk which helps protect the environment. As we approached the top of a rise not far from a turnoff to a lookout over the Forth Valley someone spotted two Wedgetails soaring 100 metres away and at our level - a magnificent sight.

I jibbed at going down to the lookout, but those who went were very impressed by the views down the Forth Valley. Again we walked on into Myrtle-beech and pine forest, with lots of roots, stones and puddles to negotiate, past a small camping area, up another rise, then down again and off on another narrow track to the second hut, appropriately named Pine Forest Moor Hut. Here we found two maintenance men and Barbara who had been left behind by the group who'd been through the previous day. She'd come over from W.A. the day she started her walk, and found that the 3 hours time difference was just too much. She accompanied us to the next hut the next day.

Again we found that our weariness abated considerably after shower, coffee, nibbles, pleasant company and a good meal, but most of us were in bed, as we were most nights, by about 9.30. Lesley was able to add a Pink Robin to the bird list, I'd spotted the endemic Scrub Tits, and we were all enchanted by the berries; several species in rich reds and pinks, occasional purple ones, and here and there the white Snow Berry, or Wax berry.

The third day, Saturday, was overcast, but mild. Mount Oakley opposite the hut

had disappeared in mist, and rain looked a possibility. Soon after re-gaining the Overland track we entered a forest of Myrtle-beech, pine (Pencil, Celery-top and King Billy Pines were the most common with some hybrids) Sassafras, Snowgum and Alpine Ash. There were Leatherwoods in flower and Banksia marginata in some of the clearings and at the edge of a great swathe in the forest where there had been landslide 6 or 7 years ago. It was in this patch of forest that we saw our only Horizontal Scrub, but it was not very prevalent even here. The track was narrow and rough and a little scary at times along the rather steep slope. We saw several more Scrub Tits in the gullies.

We had lunch on the bank of the Forth River only 3 kms from its source. Apparently this spot, Frog Flats, is not usually as pleasant as we found it. People often have to wade through thigh deep water.

From there we puffed our way up another slope, speculating whether this was the place where the railway was planned many years ago to take copper ore out. Fortunately the copper wasn't in payable amounts and nothing happened. A side track led down to where the old Pelion hut is situated. This hut, built in 1922 and owned by a family that Stan knew, is on the site of the oldest hut in the mountains, and where the first copper was discovered. Five of us shed our packs and took Roger's invitation to go down the very boggy track to the hut. It is situated in a very pretty spot and has plenty of historical information to read. We spent about 15 minutes looking around before returning to the track.

A little further on at the public Pelion Hut I'd got a bit behind - again - and spotted a Paddymelon casually grazing on a log just past the hut and was all set to take its photo when it hopped off into the bush.

Before I could go into the hut that afternoon I had to strip all the muddy things off and tried to look unabashed in my thermals. I left the muddy things outside on a tree to dry off a bit, but it rained that night!

Next morning it was on with wet boots and muddy gaiters, as well as raincoat, etc. Scrub Wrens were busy and Yellow Wattlebirds were very vocal around the hut as we set off towards the Overland Track again. Barbara decided to stay back and try to walk out with the maintenance men to a road in the Jerusalem National park about 3 hours walk away. She would have hated the track that day, because when Roger told us it was muddy he meant it. To help things along it rained most of the way, and we shoshed through puddles (I didn't try to dodge them any more. I took Heath's advise and saved energy. My boots were sopping wet anyway but my feet were warm.), or used rocks and roots as stepping stones. Several of us saw a beautiful Flame Robin in an open glade near a little waterfall. His flash of red and black among the green was quite startling. Further on when I was again on my own I watched and photographed a Bennetts Wallaby feeding on mosses.

After that came a long, strenuous climb up to Pelion Pass, where we had been going to turn off to Mts. Doris and Ossa, only we couldn't even see Doris and Ossa at that stage. We were fed on chocolate to lift our energy level again to get us to the new Kia Ora hut which was officially opened two years ago. We got in about 2 o'clock, changed and had lunch at last - for me it was cold pizza from last night's meal instead of sandwiches made from the bread one of the guides baked each night. Barry and I spent quite a bit of the afternoon sketching. The hut had a great picture window looking across the Button Grass flat to Cathedral Mountain, which next morning had a sprinkling of snow on its cap of dolerite columns. Several Yellow-Throated Honeyeaters, Tasmanian endemics, were seen around the hut.

For Monday my weather note is 'wet, some light snow, cold, very windy at times' but I don't remember being particularly cold at any time, but I wouldn't have liked to have been standing around for long. Because of the rain the day before the waterfalls, which were the highlight of Monday's walk, were quite magnificent. We dumped our packs and walked down a side track for a kilometre or so, past a stream roaring down

the steep slope, and on down to another one - which five of the group elected to wade though with the guides' help, to get to the D'Alton falls. Bev, Lesley, Brian, Stan and Dick all set off while the rest waited and enjoyed watching the cataract roaring over the precipice near us. In the book I read this is the *small creek* that is crossed to go down to the falls! After 15 minutes or so the others were back, full of enthusiasm for what they had seen. We then went by another path to Ferguson Falls, which were also very impressive; so were the bright red Flame Fungi growing near the edge of the chasm. We tramped back to the place where we had left our packs and had more chocolate before going on. During this day we walked mainly through cool-temperate rainforest, and the lichens, mosses and fungi on the trees and floor of the forest, and the old gnarled Myrtle-beeches, which were just starting to change colour in places, gave the whole forest an air of enchantment.

Six of the group detoured with Roger to Hartnett Falls while the rest of us went on to Windy Ridge Hut with Heath. On the way up the hour long climb there were more of the brilliant berries and some wonderful fungi, and bursts of sunshine made a glorious picture. There was another hour's descent, quite slippery and needing great care at times, but we finally got to the hut at 5.15, with me predicting the others would be another half hour at least - then Lesley and Ern arrived 5 minutes after us with the others close at their heels!

Windy Ridge Hut was down on a little Button-grass flat, not far from the public hut, and next morning as we passed it we again met the family, parents and a daughter and son aged about 14 and 12, whom we had kept meeting most of the way along the track. As we walked through the forest down towards Lake St Clair there seemed to be more of the Mountain Yellow-gum with its beautiful green, orange, yellow and grey new bark. There were still plenty of pines, some *Banksia marginata* in clearings, both Snow Gum species and Alpine ash, but there seemed to be a lot of other shrubs including two hakeas and the Guitar Bush, which looked to me like a grevillea. More birds were evident, too, and the Black Currawongs kept up an argument for about 45 minutes as we walked along the track, which was mostly downhill until we met the boardwalk over the flat, marshy ground north of the lake and the vegetation started to include more ti-tree and melaleucas. All the way that morning we had views of the Du Cane Range to our right, with its peaks - Falling Mountain, Mt. Gerion, the Acropolis and the Parthenon - and farther south Mts. Olympus and Ida, all crowned with a sprinkling of snow, as we walked to meet the ferry which was to take us back to civilization about 1.30pm.

We ate our lunch as we waited on the little jetty, and after we had boarded the ferry circled a couple of times to give us a chance to take photos and have a farewell look around. As we travelled down the lake we were looking into forest that came right down to the water's edge - King Billy pines, Sassafrass, eucalypts, wattles - a much more varied forest than I have ever seen in Victoria.

At last we reached the jetty at the other end and disembarked, shed our packs onto the bus - and headed back to the tourist centre for longed-for cappuchinos, hot chocolate or ginger ale!

On the trip across the Central Plateau most, including the guides, succumbed to weariness and slept, but on the way down the Western Tiers we stopped for a cuppa at a lookout point near Poatina, and the cameras were out again to try to capture the vista of plains and mountains away over towards and past Launceston itself.

We arrived back at Cradle Huts about 5.30 to find Doug and Shirley waiting for us. We'd all had a wonderful time, and if the others were like me, they were quite surprised at how well we had done.

NOW, where to next? I'm told that the Milford Track is nowhere near as hard as the Tasmanian walks. Perhaps Kosciusko region? the Great Southwest Walk? Mount Alexander West Ridge Walk? Kalimna?

Rita Mills

SOME OTHER VIEWS -

Magic Moments on a Mountain Track

There was still some fog in the valleys as we left the Barn Bluff Hut. After an easy hour or two's walk, over the Button-grass 'plains' our single-file party stopped for a routine break.

Heath, our lead guide for the day was already on the few metre high jumble of rocks beside the track and was soon answering eager questions: "Is that huge mountain straight across the valley Mt Pelion West? Well then, the pointy one over on the left would have to be Mt Pelion East; I can recognise that from photos I've seen. Is Mt Ossa in sight from here?"

"Yes, Ossa is the domed one about halfway along between Pelion West and Pelion East. That's the roof of Tasmania." There was only one blunt tooth in that saw-edge range, so that had to be Ossa. The huge Mt Pelion West, towering over the wide valley in front of us, or perhaps even Eldon Bluff away off to the southwest, looked more like the monarch of Tasmania's mountains.

Left of Mt Pelion East's distinctive peak and part of Tasmania's Central Highlands plateau, Mount Oakleigh was recognisable by the jagged towers of the cliff faced right-hand aspect.

Looking to our right I was thrilled to see distant Mount Murcheson, head and shoulders above the fog that had now retreated towards the West Coast. It was from there that I had once had my first (and, but for Athol's initiative and persistence, only) good view of this central part of the Cradle Mountain - Lake St Clair National Park.

Other magic moments were too numerous to mention here, but outstanding in my mind is the few minutes spent at the top of Hartnett Falls. The Mersey River, swelled by two days of rain, was still as pure and "weak-tea" clear as the tiny creeks from which we drank so freely on the first two days of the walk. It just poured over the lip of the falls and disappeared into the gorge from whence a seemingly unrelated fog arose and became a light rain a little further down the gorge. After taking in the scene I just leaned against a tree on the bank above the falls and meditated for two or three minutes, lost in the deep bass music of that constant, louder-than-thunder roar.

Stan Bruton

Fantastic

When asked 'How was your walk on Tassie's Overland Track?' I answer with, 'Fantastic!', then start to reel off what we saw, did, stayed in, ate, etc., etc. I guess there is no short answer really. Should I try 'An absolutely fantastic walk with a great group of people?'. (Do you want to see my pictures?)

Brian Fox.

Sun to Snow

How fortunate with the weather we were. Vistas of Cradle Mountain, Barn Bluff, etc. in sunshine. Drizzle and rain later when traversing Myrtle forest where it really did not matter for the walking, but augmented the waterfalls (but bad luck about the Mount Ossa ascent).

And snow fell on the peaks to give the final touch.

Athol Dorman

Moss and Myrtle-beech

I did this same walk in September/October last year with full pack, staying in the public huts. The weather was harsher then, and the track was much wetter, but on both occasions I marvelled at what I saw. Each day the scenery changed with the differing terrain. We walked through alpine vegetation, over Button-grass, through open forest, clambered over rocks, crossed creeks and stood in awe as we watched white water cascade and tumble as it roared over the falls. Myriads of ferns trembled and swayed, buffeted by spray, whipped by wind and mist as the torrent rushed by. I can remember thinking - 'not a good place to lose your footing!'

I think the most beautiful areas for me were the valleys where the Myrtle-beeches grew; old, old trees gnarled and twisted, clothed in mosses and lichens of all descriptions. These appeared in endless shades of green. The colour intensified as the sunlight broke through, dappling and patterning the trunks and branches, darks and lights splashed randomly by nature's brush and jewelled by drips of water from early

morning dew or rain.

The surprise to the eyes in this green world were the fungi. Again the variation was intriguing; colours from woody blacks and greys, soft creams and ivories, oranges, pinks, intense reds and little caps of purple/blue, all in contrast to the green. This is a visual wonderland of colour, tone, texture, and pattern that has to be seen to be believed and is only available if one is prepared to walk and look carefully. The frustrating thing for me, and I should imagine for anyone who walks the Overland Track, is the lack of time one has to look and see this magnificent country, and, in my case, to draw and paint it. Perhaps that is another reason to return.

Barry Singleton

HELP WANTED

The club has been invited to set up a display for the **Native '99** weekend at Skydancers (15 & 16 May). We need **help to set up** on Friday 14 at 2 pm at the Orchid House at Skydancers. **We need** – material for display – posters, photos, natural history items (nests, insects, rocks, etc. etc.). Can you help? Bring your items or give them to a committee member. And come along to the display on Saturday. **The Club excursion** will be to Skydancers where we will meet at 1.30, but also be sure to go in the morning!

More about NATIVE '99

On Saturday the emphasis is on gardens, and guest speakers, inc. Geoff Sitch, Gary Sobey and Frances Cincotta, will conduct workshops on using native and local indigenous plants in Central Victorian Gardens.

On Sunday at 2.30pm *Greening Australia* Project manager, Jason Horlock, will talk on "The Successful Revegetation of Understory". Sunday will be predominately a LandCare day, with representatives from LandCare groups across the Shire taking part throughout the day.

A special feature on the Sunday will be a visit to the Harcourt Valley Primary School Junior LandCare Project nearby.

Those with displays at the weekend are – Castlemaine Field Nats., Kalimna Preservation Society, the Society for Growing Australian Native Plants, and LandCare.

Activities will be held under cover. Skydancers will be open from 10am to dusk both days.

Observations

- * George Broadway reported seeing a Koala in Muckleford Forest.
- * Colin Blume found Parsons Bands in flower in Walmer bush.
- * From Natalie de Maccus – "The ultimate in communal bathing? Eight white-winged Choughs seen trying to bathe and drink simultaneously in a bird bath 30cm diameter by 4cm deep. In a frenzy of activity seven achieved their aim, the eighth went to another bird bath which it had to itself."
- * Also Natalie reports four small colonies of Parsons Bands on their property. Three colonies each contained four single plants with single flowers. The fourth consisted of a single plant with two flowers.
- * Monty Kirby brought specimens of Bracken with two fronds from the node. Has anyone else noticed this phenomenon?
- * From Margaret Badminton – "At Yapeen, 11.45 am, 16/4. Large influx of hyperactive small birds for 20 minutes around bird bath and Cootamundra Wattle. Yellow, Yellow-rumped, Buff-rumped, Brown, and Striated Thornbills; 1 spotted Pardalote; 2 Striated Pardalotes, 2 Silvereyes, 3 Grey Fantails, 1 White-plumed Honeyeater, 6 Brown-headed Honeyeaters, 1♂ and one♀ Golden Whistler."

* A pair of Red-necked Stints were seen by Bird-atlassers on a property 5km south of Metcalfe, feeding on the mud-flats of a dam. Margaret Badminton.

* Phee Broadway told some more of the continuing saga of the Brush Turkeys at their daughter's Brisbane home. One chick was hatched last season, but now there are four Brush Turkeys clearing away all the mulch to the bottom of the garden and their nest. At Easter Meg decided to risk hiding the Easter eggs - some ordinary "cheapies" and a couple of special Lindt ones - around the garden, but decided to get up at 6 o'clock and hide them then. About 7.30 the hunt was started, and they soon found that the Brush Turkeys had beaten them to the spoils - and Brush Turkeys have very good taste. All that was left of the good Lindt eggs were bits of crumpled foil, but they generously left the cheapie eggs for whoever wanted them.

* North Castlemaine events - 21/4 a flock of approx. 30 Musk Lorikeets flying around the treetops about 7 am. 22/4, the Galahs were investigating the nest hollow again. Also, the Australian Raven on the opposite hillside has perfected a way of getting the scraps put out in the bantams yard. It has taken to hunting the Magpies down until they drop their tidbit. Rita Mills

* George Broadway has heard a Mopoke calling from somewhere near Saint Street.

* Maggie Oliver is asking for people to watch out for a Crescent Honeyeater which she thinks she saw feeding in the Irish Strawberry near the IGA supermarket. New Hollands have been seen there, and the Crescent is quite often seen with New Holland Honeyeaters.

* Margaret Badminton reports despairingly that the Grey Currawongs are eating her chook-feed again!

* Maureen Dredge reported that the Pied Currawongs are back. Also she is happy to report that she has now seen the Spotted Quail Thrush near the Red, White and Blue mine.

* Again in Muckleford forest - Lesley Perkins saw a Speckled Warbler on the Talbot Track.

Gowar School Birds

6/3/99, 2.40pm - 4.15pm. Light wind, mild cloudy.

Galah (2)

Willie Wagtail

Magpie (solitary)

Welcome Swallow

Cuckoo Shrike - *First thought immature Black-faced Cuckoo-shrike, but - all pale below, no barring, and black eye stripe not extending behind eye, call different from Black-faced Cuckoo-shrike - probable Little Cuckoo-shrike*

Restless Flycatcher

White-winged Choughs (\approx 8 birds)

Striated Pardalote*

Eastern Rosella

Crested Bell-bird (h)

Rainbow Bee-eater

Dusky Woodswallow (The most numerous bird during the hour!)

Fuscous Honeyeater

Common Bronzewing (Solitary, in open paddock)

Noisy Miner

Musk Lorikeet

Black-faced Cuckoo-shrike (adult)

Yellow-tufted Honeyeater

* *Pardalote possibly nominal race - no discernable red spot on wing bar, though no yellow either - worth checking this species closely.*

Brown Treecreeper

Phillip West

Flat-leaf Bush-pea Survey

Flat-leaf Bush-pea is an endangered species. It grows amongst the granite tors on Nuggetty and Tarrengower. DNRE have a project to fence part of Nuggetty to help protect the bush-pea. CFNC will make a survey to count the number and measure the size of the plants.

Meet at 27 Doveton St at 1.30pm, Wed. June 2. Wear stout boots, and bring a pen, tape measure and afternoon tea.

CASTLEMAINE NATURALIST, MAY 1999
C.F.N.C. PROGRAMME

General Meetings are held in the Uniting Church (UCA) hall, at 8.00 pm on the second Friday of each month, except January. Entrances to the car parks are beside the Art Gallery and beside the Church building in Lyttleton Street.

Excursions leave promptly at times stated, usually on the Saturday after the general meeting. There are NO excursions on TOTAL FIRE BAN days.

Business Meetings are held at 38 Campbell Street on the 4th Thursday of each month, except December, at 7.30pm. All members are invited to attend.

VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME TO CLUB MEETINGS AND EXCURSIONS

Fri. May 14 **From Glaciers to Iguanas** A slide program by Jason Edwards, a professional wildlife and nature photographer. UCA hall, 8pm

Sat.&Sun., May 15 & 16 **Native '99** Garden day and LandCare day at **Skydancers**, Midland Highway, Barkers Creek. The Club excursion is to Native '99. Meet at Skydancers Sat. at 1.30pm. See request and details on inside page.

Sat. 22 May – **Swift Parrot Survey, Muckleford.** Leave 27 Doveton St. at 8.30am sharp. Bring drinks, snacks and lunch and **Binocs!**

Fri. June 11 **The Ecology of Box/Ironbark Forests.** Speaker is Annette Muir, who has been working with DNRE. UCA hall, 8pm.

Sat. June 12. **Unknown Miner's Grave and Kalimna North.** Leave 13 Mostyn St. at 1.30pm sharp. Leader is R. Mills.

Fri. July 9 **Coliban Water** Speaker is Greg Peters of North Central Management Authority. Talk will include slides. UCA hall, 8pm.

Sat. July 10 **Mopoke Gully, Yapeen.** Leave 13 Mostyn St at 1.30pm. Leader is M. Badminton.

Fri. Aug. 13 **The Overland Track Relived** An evening of slides, photos and narrative with the walkers. UCA hall, 8pm

Fri. Sept. 10. **Microscopy.**, Peter Sansom and Ern Perkins. UCA hall. 8pm

Wed. – Sun., Sept 15 – 19. **VFNCA Campout at Mildura.** Main program will be at the weekend; the extended program is for early arrivals.

Fri. Oct. 8 **Identifying Birds' Nests** Speaker is Peter Allen of Bendigo. UCA hall, 8pm

Sat. Oct. 9 **Kamerooka Forest.** Peter Allen will lead to a good place for bird nests in the forest. Details to be arranged.

Fri. Nov. 12 **African Parks** John Turnbull. UCA hall, 8pm.

Committee; M. Dredge (President) Ph 5470 6474, E. Perkins (V.P. and Grievance Officer), B. Maund (Sec.) Ph 5472 4354, M. Badminton (Treas.), R. Mills (N/L Ed. and P.O.), G. Broadway, J. Turnbull, M. Oliver, C. Morris, K. Turner, Z. Thomas.

Subscriptions ~ Ordinary membership: Single \$22, Family \$30

Pensioner/student: Single \$18, Family \$24. Supporting : \$31

The Subscription now covers postage of the 'Castlemaine Naturalist'.

Castlemaine Field Naturalists Club Inc.

P.O. Box 324, Castlemaine. 3450.

Incorporation N^o A3010